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was Micheli, a Florentine. There is at this moment in the Imperial collection at St. Petersburg, a picture known to be one of his forgeries, yet placed as a genuine Raffaele. Italian "restorers," again, have done a good deal to complicate the question. An anecdote given, I think, in the *Quarterly Review*, some years ago, is worth repeating. "We once asked an able Italian restorer, if he had ever met with any pictures by a painter of the Lombard school of considerable merit, whose only work with which we are acquainted, is in the Louvre. 'Oh, yes,' he frankly replied. 'The very first job upon which I was employed was in converting one of his pictures into the Leonardo da Vinci, now in a well known gallery. Since then I have frequently repeated the operation, and I don't know of one now existing under his name.'"

It is not surprising that of the multitude of copies made from the old masters, one here and there should pass for an original. But it will not be easy to find an instance so startling as the following. Dr. Waagen, in the supplement to his "Arts and Artists in England," describes the Earl of Normanton's collection, at Somerley. He speaks in the most guileless manner, amongst other pictures, of two specimens of Claude, three of Sir J. Reynolds, and one of Greuze, all of which turn out to be copies made by Mr. J. R. Powell. The doctor had actually described some of the originals in his earlier volumes. And the most amusing part of it is, that he speaks in far higher terms of the copies than he does of the genuine pictures.

But, putting aside such cases as these, painters of no little eminence have lent themselves to very unworthy practices. Rembrandt is said to have sometimes touched up the pictures of his pupils, and sold them as his own. Guido is accused of doing the same thing. Some of these were probably as good as those he painted, when his gambling propensities had got him into greater difficulties than usual. Lanzi tells a good story about one of these productions. He had half finished a picture, when a favorite pupil of his, Erdolino di Guido, substituted a copy of his own for the original. The painter quietly went on with his work, without suspecting the trick that had been played upon him.

Patrick Nasmyth, amongst English painters, has been guilty of similar malpractices. A picture dealer had purchased a work of Decker. He sent for Nasmyth, got him to sharpen up the foliage, and add some figures copied from Ruysdael; then substituted Ruysdael's name for Decker's, and the transformation was complete. That picture was sold some time afterward, for 480 guineas. Nasmyth got 11 guineas for his share in the transaction. And so lately as 1847, there was exhibited in the Royal Academy a picture bearing the name of an R. A., which was claimed by a young artist, certainly not an R. A., as his own work. He had sold it for 22 shillings; on the books of the Royal Academy, it was prized at 30 guineas.

The address of some of these dealers in old masters is so admirable, that one deeply regrets it is not exerted in some more honest way. A friend of mine was one day looking over a gallery which had visited the town in which he was living, when he came to a picture attributed to Morland, an artist of whom he was very desirous to obtain an example. He inquired the price. "Oh," said the

dealer, "so you have found out my Morland. I never intended to have parted with that picture. Morland painted it expressly for my father. It hung in my drawing-room after my father's death, and would be hanging there still; but as I am never at home, it seems useless to keep it any longer. If you really wish to have it, I don't mind parting with it for £30." My friend put his hand in his pocket to pay for the prize, but finding that his purse was not supplied to the requisite amount, told the dealer to call on him with the picture at a certain hour. Meanwhile an acquaintance dropped in, who in the course of conversation happened to say, "Do you know that —, the picture-dealer here, is the greatest rascal in England?" "I hope not," said my friend. "I have just bought a picture from him." "Then you have been taken in. There is not a single genuine picture in his collection." By-and-by in came the dealer. "You are quite sure you can guarantee the genuineness of this picture?" he was asked; "because you see it would be very unpleasant if, on showing my purchase, I should catch my friends shrugging their shoulders, and evidently doubting whether it was a Morland after all." "Oh, I see," said the dealer; "Mr. — has been to you. I will tell you a good deal about the spite that person has against me; but it is too long a story to trouble you with now. However, if you have any doubt about the picture, I will send for the original correspondence between my father and Morland about it, and you can then convince yourself that I have told you nothing but the truth." So completely did my friend believe in the apparent honesty of the story, that he all but paid the money then and there; but he said, "Well, I should like to see the correspondence very much." "You shall have it, sir, in a few days." The dealer went off with his picture, but the Morland correspondence from that day to this has not been forthcoming.

How true it is that

Pictures like coins grow dim as they grow old:
It is the rust we value, not the gold;

and sums are squandered upon "old masters" that would have saved many a promising young artist from ruin!

CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, Aug. 20th.

DEAR MR. WATSON:

This being a great holiday week in Paris, I take advantage of my leisure days to visit the Exhibition, and write to you. Yesterday I went to la grande Exposition for the purpose of visiting the Bavarian department: my especial interest in Bavaria having somewhat expanded since I have had a glimpse of a new divinity, Bavaria's youthful sovereign, Louis II., the royal music lover, and protector of the Arts, and the romantic friend of Richard Wagner, the apostle of the music of the future. No one can look into the face of this young king without perceiving that he has a right loving musical heart—a face so innocent and so exalted—an ample brow, full above the temples including a lofty imagination,—and the open eyes have that dreamy, far-off expression that painters give to poets and inspired composers. Most unlike this, is the face of his beloved Wagner: a wicked face, I should believe it were he *magician* instead of musician. There is strength, however, if not beauty in the lineaments of

the great harmonist, but the nose is awry, and the eyes have a most diabolical squint. But then Wagner has left his impress upon this musical country, and his name will live when that of his patron king shall be remembered no longer. I presume you are familiar with the romantic stories that are circulated about this *roitelet*—the pet name that Paris has bestowed upon him—his love for the eccentric composer, how he left his kingdom to seek retirement where he could enjoy his love of Nature and Music with his beloved friend—and how from this heaven of delight he was recalled by his austere ministers of state to the world of pomp and care, and his darling composer banished from the kingdom. But a brave heart has the poet-king, for once a major, Wagner is recalled to Munich.

But to return to the Exhibition. Bavaria being a small kingdom, it is represented by a very small department; however, in the annexe of the garden I found many beautiful and very interesting *objets d'art*. The façade of the building is draped in crimson, and there enthroned on a high pedestal, covered with fresh flowers, stands a small marble bust of my little hero-king. There was also a splendid portrait of him *en bourgeois*, the expression of which was truly divine. There were magnificent paintings extending the entire length of the room: one representing the coronation of ate Elector Maximilian, another the marriage of Alexander the Great, and a third the Court of the Emperor Frederick II. at Palermo; but dearer to my heart were those pictures the subject of which had a poetic interest. There were Undines disporting in the water and Wood Nymphs reclining upon mossy banks: there were singing troubadours and sighing shepherdesses. They were very expressive, and needed no art-wisdom to fully appreciate their poetic beauty. But how inexpressibly delighted was I to find that exquisite poem of Goethe's Hermann and Dorethea, that had been the delight of my childhood, most artistically expressed in four cartoons. There were the parents of Hermann seated in the door of their auberge; then Dorethea *en route*; third, Hermann and Dorethea at the well; and, fourth, Hermann conducting Dorethea to the paternal mansion. Another familiar group, sculptured in wood, is the celebrated Charlotte, the heroine of the "Sorrows of Werther" and the *bien aimée* of Goethe. This represents her in the bread-and-butter scene, made famous by the pen of Goethe. Charlotte stands with a loaf in her hands, dispensing slices to the hungry children who surround her. Goethe is in the half-open door, his admiring gaze resting upon the lovely heroine.

A very curious work of art is Tannhauser's shield. Here a musical interest attracted me, and I stood long wrapt in intense wonder before this beautiful device. It is a huge bronze medallion, telling in minute sculpture the entire story of Tannhauser's life. This story is of course too long for me to repeat here, but *en bref* the first circle represents him in the midst of the *Chevaliers chanteurs*—taking part in the lyric combat of the singers at Wartbourg—going on a penitential pilgrimage to Rome—confessing to Pope Urban. In the second circle Tannhauser has penetrated into the grotto of Venus, and the chase of spectres ensues—a scene of terror—peasants trampled upon and dying under the feet of the spectral horses. Dame Holle covers with her veil this horrible scene. The third

scene depicts the reign of love in the Temple of Venus, and has for its central group Venus and Tannhauser.

Returning through the American piano department, I found Boscowitch perspiring over the irrepressible quartette of *Rigoletto*. Not long did I linger here, but approaching the *department de Francais*, I was allured by dulcet tones to the Pleyel enclosure. Here I heard the admirable Theodore Ritter play for an hour to an immense crowd. He must have been in a tender mood, for all his pieces were played pianissimo. His touch is wondrously delicate, and he played his pieces with exquisite finish. His selections were Prudent's *Danse des Fees*, his own *Souvenirs de Venise*, and the lovely waltz of Romeo and Juliet.

The foreign bands that made so gay in midsummer are now dispersed, but their brave, fiery tones linger yet in sweet memory. During their sojourn here open air concerts occurred daily, and many of them were free. Walking in the *Jardin des Tuileries* one evening, between five and six, I was delighted by hearing the Austrian band that took the first prize at the grand concours of bands of all nations, play some selections from *Tannhauser* and several delicious waltzes, closing with the national hymns of France and Austria. The last week that the famous Strauss was here I heard him and his fiery orchestra at the Circle International, and really I found Strauss most interesting—I allude to his manner of leading. He held his violin in his hand, and as he became *enthusiastic* with the music, he would draw his bow, his head would jerk, and his body would sway, as the fiery tones flew out from his violin. A wilder appearance I never saw. I really thought him mad. But such heavenly waltzes! Truly the horn of Oberon was realized. It was difficult to keep my seat. I fancied myself floating about the room. Upon such music one might dance up to heaven. The orchestra seemed to fully appreciate their efforts, for during the repeat they sang aloud "bravo, Strauss!" The curious custom which Strauss has introduced of the gentlemen wearing their hats, and regaling themselves meanwhile with cigars, gave a very free and easy air to the concert.

Last night I had a happy souvenir of New York, for I heard for the first time in Paris l'Africaine. This brilliant opera holds its place here among older and better favorites, for every week it is sung once or twice a week. As it was an off-night, I was unfortunate in not hearing Madame Sass, but Madame Battu has a fresher voice, if less passion, than Carlotta Zucchi, with whom this opera is associated in my mind: however, in rendering of the lullaby her voice expressed far more tenderness, leaving nothing to be desired. This opera, with which I am so familiar, impresses me more each time that I hear it with its originality, especially the ship music and the fourth act—so that I wonder the critics do not call Meyerbeer, as well as Wagner, "cet extraordinaire." The mise-en-scène was gorgeous, and the orchestra far surpassed that of the Academy of Music at home. The tenor, Vilurel, had a fine voice, but he had not the fire and passion requisite for a Pasca de Gama—at least if we take our dear Mazzoleni's rendering as the ideal. Nelusko, however, was splendid, and rather transcended my old favorite, Bellini, his face and voice expressing all the diablerie necessary for that

role. The opera was, of course, sung in French, and as no French artist ever pronounces with any distinctness, I sadly missed the Italian text.

To-day I had the pleasure of hearing the beautiful artist Miss Teresa Carreno play for an hour *chez moi*! For the last three months she has been engaged in composing, and from the specimens that she played to me, I should think that midsummer is not unfavorable to inspiration. First she played an exquisite bit of melody, which she modestly styled an étude, and which she said formed one of a set of six, just completed. Another charmingly original piece was *La Danse en reve*—a dreamer dancing during his dream, and the awakening; and also a brilliant fantasia upon the *Africaine*.

The eminent tragedian Daniel E. Bandman is now in Paris. I understand that he is in treaty with Smith of the Lyceum, London, to bring out his "Narcisse."

The talented artist Elma Mary Gove is here, *en route* for London. She has just returned from an art tour through Germany and Italy, which she has made partly for art-culture, and partly for relaxation.

Miss C. L. Ransom, an artist from Cleveland, Ohio, passed through Paris last week, *en route* for Switzerland. Miss Ransom comes abroad with the expectation of remaining a year or two, to study the great master painters.

The beautiful prima donna Mlle. Vaneri is now in Paris, passing her *conge* after her Italian engagements, which have extended into midsummer. Perhaps you may not know that Mlle. Veneri is an excellent pianist, as well as a vocal artist. A few evenings ago I had the pleasure of hearing her sing, at the residence her mother, Madame Colmache, the celebrated *Invitation a la Valse* of Weber, which she has arranged in song form. The effect was very charming.

Au revoir.

CECILIA.

MR. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT's cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*, the success of which at the Birmingham Festival our readers are acquainted with, is announced to be given by the Philharmonic Society of Liverpool on September 24. The principal vocalists are to be Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey-Whytock, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Patey. The cantata will be conducted by the composer himself.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Herr Anton Rubinstein has resigned his post as director of the Conservatory, and also as conductor of the Musical Society of Russia. He will leave this capital about the middle of the present month to commence a grand professional tour through Germany, France, Belgium, and Holland. He will first visit Leipsic.

ODESSA.—A new opera, *Pietro Calabre*, by a young composer, Conrad Jurjewitz, has been successfully produced.

OPERATIC NOVELTIES.—The following are the titles of the new operas which will, probably, be produced in Italy during the approaching autumn and winter: At Milan—*Giovanni di Napoli*, Petrella; *Putiphar*, Cagnoni; *L'Isola dei Giardini*, (buffa,) Dell'Argine; *La Tombola*, (buffa,) Cagnoni; *Un Coup d'Etat*, (buffa,) Lauro Rossi. Naples—*Gli Aventuretti*, Braga; *Il Figliuolo prodigo*, Serrao; *Didone Abandonata*, Benvenuti; *L'Esposizione universale*, (buffa,) Filippi; *Mef-*

istofele, (grand fairy opera,) Boita. Whether any of these works will ever be performed in any other place than that in which they will be produced may, judging from what Italian operatic composers have written of late years, fairly be doubted.

SCHWERIN.—Her Kücken has just received the Knight's Cross of the Franz-Joseph Order from the Emperor of Austria.

FRENCH OPERAS TRANSFERRED TO THE ITALIAN STAGE.—Apropos of the understood intention of M. Bagier to bring out Auber's *Domino Noir* at the Théâtre Italien, the Parisian journal, *L'Art Musical*, has the following remarks: "An eccentric idea has, it appears, penetrated into the brain of a director of the Théâtre Italien. If we are to credit certain journals, this director has entered into an engagement with M. Zaffira—whose translations of French operas into the Italian language are far from being models—to adapt for the Italian stage—guess what work! *Le Domino Noir*. And how is this to be accomplished? M. Auber not feeling disposed to write the recitatives for the transformation of his *chef-d'œuvre*, the dialogue, it is said, will be simply spoken, as in the Opéra-comique. The French comic opera is quite national in style. To produce it in another language, and on another stage than the French stage, without its spoken dialogue, would be to deprive it altogether of its character. The Italian opera, with spoken dialogue and accompanied recitative, would be the gravest of errors. Those who think otherwise would commingle and destroy the art of two ages. Let us leave to each nation its individuality; the style of the French Opéra-comique belongs to us. Let us guard precious, but not attempt to impose on Italy, our individuality; she has her own; and the best proof that this individuality is sympathetic is that it is accepted by the entire world. Our comic opera, on the contrary, does not leave its native country, and when a work, by way of exception, passes the frontier, it is necessary to convert the prose of the dialogue into rhythmical and accompanied recitative."

ART MATTERS.

Ball's statue of Edwin Forrest as "Coriolanus," from all accounts, must be a fine work of art, judging from the excellent notices it has received at the hands of the press and the genuine excitement it is creating in Boston. I append an admirable criticism from the *New York Dispatch*, written by one of the most thoroughly competent critics of the fine arts in the country:—

"We confess that we are by no means eminently partial to Boston. It is so insufferably priggish and self-conceited as a city. It is so thoroughly convinced that New York has no taste and Philadelphia has no brains, and that no other city from this to that side of the continent is worth naming at all in such a connection, that we always feel gratified in pointing out its own short-comings. Unfortunately, we are at present obliged to compliment it. It had made up its mind to have a statue of Edwin Forrest. It is true that Edwin Forrest is no Bostonian. But his Boston admirers made up their minds that a Bostonian should carve the aforesaid statue. By luck, rather than wisdom, it may be pre-